And that's why I don't look

BY WENDY W

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It was a very, verY stronG feeling that dark, black summer nite that said 'don't look, don't look! Don't LOOK!' but if I didn't, thought I, then I might miss something trying to get my attention. I had to look after this property, even thouough it wasnt mine, because Honor tHy fatHer and tHy motHer is tHe Commandment! I Had to. I Had to.

No other loss of Horror could Possibly toucH mine after a lifetime of Horrors and loss since tHe aGe of 3. Come on now. I barely PeeKed out tHe lonG, uGly, sterile vertical blinds tHat Have beceome so POPular since tHe 2OOO's in tasteless People's Homes, and was catapulted into a scene from Hell.

I don't like summers as an adult. In fact, I loatHe tHem now and avoid tHe constant HIGH Humidity and noise as mucH as I can. dont label me neurodiverse, you buzzword crowd, for I earned two deGrees in Psychology, and know from wHence I came. I wisH Bob NewHart and all His beiGe oranGe 197Os style tv sHows I watcHed in my 3Os and into my 4Os, 5O, could be weaved into tHis tale of my life I tell.. a Grey, minute desIGN intertwined and KePt alive in it, Preserved as an ode to How tHose many sHows Preserved me. DePression dark, you see, is tHe aftermatH of comPlex trauma wHen 3 or 4 losses and traGedies Have always accomPanied your life at once for Half a century.

Over 5O years now.

YeaH, summer meant I was in tHe dank, insect basement of black mold wHere I Had to sleeP for tHe better Part of tHe last 21+ years- some fact too overwHelminG to tHink about, as a never married, no kids woman in eHr 5Os now wHose jobs KePt firinG or closinG down since tHe early 199Os. I was HidinG from tHe intolerable noise and Heat and extreme Humidity of summer.

It started witH GrandPa Gone. I was tHree, nearly 4, 1973, and knew wHat was GoinG on. THe Premonitions already started at tHat aGe, as Grandma cleaned His ears witH wHite cotton, and I stood beHind His cHair , 'aH, it will.. it will' be okay, said sHe, a woman who had raised 4 siblings, aged 21 months to 12, but I knew He would soon be Gone. And He was, after I brouGHt Him a red aPPle as He lay in bed off tHe livinG room, cominG in at tHe tail end of His incredible life, wHicH included beinG scouted by a Cleveland national baseball team in His youtH, and escaPinG His rickets Western pennsylvania coal mininG town to endure ten years of no work durinG THe DePression. Mm HM, tHat's wHere tHe lonG tHinG started.

Followed by an older classmate drowninG, an Possible suicide, tHen tHe summer of a 15 year old former friend's suicide, after we GiGGled our way tHrouGH CatHolic Grade scHool, me lurcHinG in a dark basement Hallway witH a fever.. irl scouts in Green uniforms. .. two more classmates deatHs, tHen anotHer murdered by a boyfriend in my senior year of HIGH scHool.. closed coffin, as Grandma said it would 'after b'einG in water tHat LonG'.. Followed by craPPy, low PayinG jobs on a cold winter in February, 199O, newsPaPer I carried sayinG my beloved music teacHer.. tHe one I was GoinG to sHow wHen I became a famous sinGer and Gave m Y Academy Award sPeecH.. tHe one wHo recoGgnized my talent and I ImaGined beaminG in tHe audience tHat nite.. had literally keeled over into tHe orcHestra PIt wHile conductinG a concert.. aGe 39. "Clear as a bell, His voice is!' my Grandma used to say of His cantorinG. I later cantored at tHat cHurcH, voice rinGinG out anGelically in a way tHat will only be Heard in Heaven, since no recordinGs were made..

.. and my male Parent wHo sexually abused me as a cHild at least once or twice, sayinG to me tHat 199O day 'all riGHt' angrily , wHat was He always doinG at my House?!

No boundaries.

Clank, slam and click, down came tHe darkness after tHat.

I stayed in my room for nearly two years.

Author Wendy W was first Published at tHe aGe of 9 in THe Cleveland Press, for Her Poem 'My star'. She has, at turns, been a Punk rock singer, actress and songwriter, screenplay writer, auditioner on Broadway for a well known Musical, Federal and city government employee, retail worker, clerk, secretary,sales associate, fast food manager, marketing manager, brief paralegal, fundraiser , professional tax preparer, and licensed teacher, among other day jobs. Influenced by writers such as Dorothy Allison, Louisa May Alcott, Alexis Wright and many others, she is the author of several novels, short stories, over 620 songs, screenplays and two autobiographies. She has been featured on several television shows and created the horror host character of Miss X in 2008, formerly heard on her blogtalkradio Night Owls podcast. She holds an MBA from Tiffin University, and a B.A. in Psychology and human services, along with two other Associate degrees.

This novel recounts actual events from her life.